MUSICK.

A POEM.

VIEW

OF

WARWICK.

MUSICK.
A POEM.

INSCRIB'D to

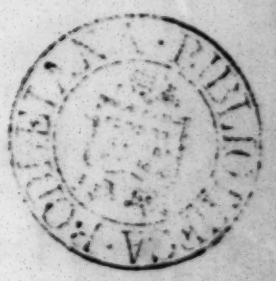
Mr. *ROBERT LYMPANY*,

AGED NINETY,

On his generous Benefaction to the
ORGAN at *Fulham*, A. D. 1732.

By an unknown AUTHOR.

When future Times ſhall ask - - - - Who did theſe Things?
What mighty Benefactors, Lords, or Kings?
The liſping Babes ſhall ſound LYMPANO's *Name;*
For ſo th' Italians *recognize his Fame:*
And P---pe *himſelf* (*if living then*) *might tell;*
(*For* P----pe, *ye know, wou'd ſurely do it well;*)
Who ſhou'd the higher Character engroſs,
The Man of FULHAM, *or* * *the Man of* ROSS.



* See Mr. *Pope*'s Poem, called *the Uſe of Riches*, dedicated to the Lord *Bathurſt*, page 13.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXXII.

MUSICK.

A POEM.

HAIL! hoary'ſt of *Apollo*'s Sons; permit
A Lover of thy Worth to chaunt thy Praiſe
In ſweet *Miltonian* Verſe, ſince He and Thou
Depriv'd of Sight, in Harmony combine;
For Muſick dwells in Verſe, as well as Sound.

THOU

THOU and thy **Bolee-Punzee*, nect'rous Quaff,
Thy polyphonous Touch, and Tale jocoſe,
Stand faſt upon Record in *Latian* Groves,
By *Conoiſſeurs Italick* wafted hence.

WHAT tho' the Cittern hang upon thy Wall
Forlorn, the Strings metallick ſnapp'd and gone,
With pliant Quill, which to thy artful Stroke
Adminiſtred melodious; greater Things,
Ariſing nearer to the Fount of Joy,
Prelude within thy Breaſt ſublimer Mirth.

METHINKS I ſee Thine Inſtrument on high
Uplift, to claim its Kindred with the Spheres.
Nor wonder that I call it Thine, for he
Who gives moſt lib'ral claims that Title beſt.

* So ſome *Italians* (Maſters of Muſick) call'd a Bowl of Punch, with which (after a very handſome Entertainment beſides) Mr. *Lympany* treated them many Years ago, at his Houſe in *Fulham*; who, after their Return to *Rome*, often enquir'd of the *Engliſh* Gentlemen who travell'd thither, how Signor *Lympano* of *Fulham* did, with a grateful Acknowledgment of his Favours.

FIRST-

FIRST-BORN of Art, inventive *Jubal*'s Thought,
But much improv'd in many a thrilling Tone
Of Sound reſtrain'd, and then diſcharg'd in Sheets
O'erflowing, as the Stream on ſteep Caſcade
Pent up by Rocks, burſts its impetuous Way.

WHETHER its Pow'rs ſooth in the balmy Flute,
Or louden ſmarter in the Trumpet ſhrill;
Or by confederate Symphonies impart
The mimick ſacred Song of ſocial Choir;
Or elſe in warbling Voluntaries flow
Quicker than Thought, and early'r than Deſign,
By Touch habitual, or *Adagio*'s grave
Attention ſteal, with Heart-diſſolving Glee,
Or Pſalmody Parochial well aſſiſt.

THE raviſh'd Soul in theſe by Charms divine
Attach'd, inſpir'd, and modul'd up to Heav'n;

Rais'd from its lowly Tenement of Clay,
Seraphick mounts, encircled by the Bleſs'd;
And heav'nly Joys anticipates on Earth,
Prepar'd by Muſick for its nobler Home.

SURE the officious Cherubs, tho' unſeen,
Will throng about thy ſnowy Temples then;
And intermingling Rays will form for thee
A Glory, ſuch as *Raphael*'s Pencil ſhows
Around his portray'd Saints to ſpeak thee bleſs'd.

THY Want of Eyes ſhall be to thee repair'd
By more capacious Auditory Nerves;
Thine Ear, which cannot ſee, ſhall Beauty find,
And feel its Force in juſt Symmetrious Notes;
And Sounds ſhall reliſh ſo with none but thee.

BUT, mark thou well the Myſtery of Sounds
Floating, without Confuſion, in the Air;
The ſame, entire, tho' to ten thouſand Ears,

That crowd, in thick Array, the Entrance ſtraight,
Yet gently preſs the *Lilliputian* *Drum,
And edify thy Bliſs by Wonders here.

THOU gracious Man, who nor delight'ſt thy ſelf
In hoarded Gold, nor worſe uſurions Pelf,
Advanc'd in Age, to which is wont to cling
Tenaciouſneſs, that ſcant, inſipid Vice,
With uſeful gen'rous Freedom doſt thy Boons,
And open flies thine Heart to raiſe our Souls.

AND excellent it is to calm the Mind
Provok'd to Ire, th' envenom'd Ocean lay
Of boiſt'rous Blood, and rankling Spirits heal
In Neighbourhoods of various Tempers form'd,
Ruffled at ev'ry Fog, or Eaſtern Blaſt;
Such weak Machinery is fallen Man.
But mighty'r Things than this has Muſick done;

* This conſiſts of a very thin Membrane, drawn tight over a little hollow, round Bone in the Ear, call'd by Anatomiſts the *Myrinx* or *Tympanum*.

As *Athens* and (its Rival) *Rome* have vouch'd,
Orpheus brought back *Eurydice* from Hell
By lyral Charms, th' infernal God appeas'd:
Wives, to be ſure, were Bleſſings in thoſe Days;
Had ſhe been *Leonora*, graceleſs Flirt,
He had not fetch'd her once, nor *Pluto* twice her ta'en.
So *Orpheus* play'd, and Lions dropp'd their Rage,
Panthers grew tame, Trees bow'd their Heads, and heard
Invigor'd by the Magick of his Charms;
Whilſt *Thracian* Streams, arreſted on their Shoars,
Sparkling Emotion ſhew'd, the thirſty Meads,
Wrong'd of their uſual Draughts, in Clefts and Cracks
Brake chaſmous the rich Turf, the Mower's Toil
Threat'ning to baulk, till Silence let 'em flow,
And chear the ſickly Blade by Sun-beams ſcorch'd.
So might *Prometheus* have enliven'd Man,
Not from *Apollo*'s Carr, but tonous Shell;
Which when *Amphion* touch'd, the ſhapening Stones
Rang'd into Plans, and roſe a ſtately *Thebes*.

So raving *Saul*, when *David* twang'd his Lyre,
Liſt'ned, and Reaſon ſtraight reſum'd its Throne.

BUT here, *Religion*, Sacred, great Concern,
It ſelf derives ſtrong Aid from tuneful Lays,
And Love Divine, enflam'd by moving Strains,
Accelerates, and gains *Heroick* Strength;
Not by Romantick, Popiſh, vain Exceſs,
Imperious, Theatrick, and what not
That Panders to Idolatry and Cheat?
But by that Medium Virtue does preſcribe,
Wherein the Excellence of things conſiſts.

THIS the pure Church of *England* uſeth beſt,
From either *Superſtition* form'd moſt free;
But new-turn'd Schemes of *Pandæmonian* Wile
Spring up infuriate from th'infernal Pit,
And *Satan* - - - dreadful Sight, as e'rſt of old,
Advanceth now again with hideous Strides,

Fleſh'd in freſh Infidelity and Pride,
To Cogitation free, with Pretext fair;
Shot from Schiſmatick Gleams and mariſh Steams,
Mere *Ignes fatui*, producing rife,
Diffuſe Effrontery, till Truth itſelf,
Dim in meteorous Vapors, near extinct,
Labours for Life - - - but keeps its *Britiſh* Hold
In Revelation's Fort of ſacred Light.

HERE, Muſick, ſtretch thy Pow'rs, exert thy Strength,
Aſſiſt the ſacred Oracles of Heav'n;
Theſe Sons of *Belial* are for thee to ſtill
By Pleaſure, their own Idol, Semblance quaint,
Since to begin to conquer's to aſſwage.

THUS when *Alcides*, with inceſſant Toil,
Had his twelve mighty Labours well atchiev'd,
Still ſomething more requir'd the Hero's Hands,
Still Envy rag'd unvanquiſh'd by his Pow'r.

When thus prepar'd by ſuch Preluſions here,
Ripe for th' unutterable Joys Above,
Where all the Hallelujah's of the Bleſs'd
Concerto's form angelick in the Skies;
Our Souls diſmiſs'd from hence elate aſcend
Their heav'nly Stalls, with all their Stops let out,
(Of which we neither know nor gueſs the Force)
Who wou'd not wiſh t'have been for Muſick form'd?
Since there they ſing, we know, as well as love,
And intellectual Harmony is more
Than Voice, or Pipe, or String can yield us here.

Tho' Life's a Shadow, Muſick but a Sound,
By both we are prepar'd for mighty'r Things:
This Shadow fails, this Muſick too expires,
But ſhall revive in joint Embrace Above,
And never waining more ſhall ever laſt:
Whilſt Being's Muſick, Muſick is, To Be.

LATE may this Inſtrument in Contraſt breathe
Sonorous Sighs from ſad diſcordant Points,
On purpoſe by ſome mighty Genius ſcor'd
With Skill extreme, in dol'rous Dirges dealt,
T'expreſs the Loſs of thee amidſt thy Friends,
Bemoaning too itſelf in wailing Sounds.
May'ſt thou exceed the fam'd * *Cornaro*'s Years,
Senſation vig'rous, Apprehenſion ſtrong;
Till eaſy, as a gliding Star that falls,
When *Heſp'rus* up the darkling Azure leads
His gem-like Train, aſcending thou remove
Hence to the Paradiſian *Sion*, where
Joys from celeſtial Affluence ever dure,
Which Eye ne'er ſaw, Ear heard, nor Mind conceiv'd.

* This was *Lewis Cornaro*, a Noble *Venetian*, who died at *Padua*, *April* 16. 1566. at One hundred Years old; ſo healthy and vigorous, that but a little before his Death he wrote and publiſh'd in the *Italian* Tongue, that celebrated Treatiſe, call'd, *Sure and certain Methods of attaining a long and healthful Life*, &c. of which there is an *Engliſh* Tranſlation that has had no fewer Editions than four here.

See the Spectator, N°. 195. *Vol.* 3.

So when old *Simeon* ſaw the promis'd Child
Born of a Virgin pure, on bended Knees
In hymnal Praiſe he his own *Requiem* ſung,
Beatify'd, and roſe a finiſh'd Saint.

F I N I S